

## Why I Go To Church

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by *Thomas Carlyle*

You ask me why I go to church?  
I give my mind a careful search.  
Because I need to breathe the air —  
Where there's an atmosphere of prayer;  
I need the hymns the churches sing —  
They set my faith and hope a-wing;  
They keep old truths in memory green;  
Reveal the worth of unseen things.

Because my neighbor needs to go,  
His faith in right is rather low.  
He needs the church to hold him fast —  
To those great truths that always last;  
And when he sees me on my way,  
It draws him to the church to pray,  
And both our hearts are lifted up —  
To heavenly places where we sup.

Because my boy is watching me,  
To note whatever he can see  
That tells him what his father thinks,  
and with his eager soul he drinks,  
The things I do in daily walk,  
The things I say in daily talk;  
If I with him the church will share,  
My son will make his friendship there.

Because the church builds up the state,  
Breaks down the barriers of hate,  
And helps to bring unselfish life,  
Always all bickering and strife,  
Sustains a wholesome public health,  
And builds a righteous commonwealth;  
A joyous place in which to live,  
With blessings only God can give.

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